

[Woodcut] Federal abolition whig traip, to catch voters in. People of Louisiana, above you have an accurate representation of the federal “Log-Cabin” trap, invented by the bank-parlor, ruffle-shirt, silk-stocking gentry, for catching the votes of the industrious and laboring classes, of our citizens, of both town and country ... We have just understood that one of each of the towns of Monroe and Franklin in this state, has been set, triggered and baited, but we have not learned whether they have yet been able to catch many suckets. [n. p. n. d.].

FEDERAL BANK WHIG MOTTO. “WE STOOP TO CONQUER”

Show this to didnt we do it

FEDERAL-ABOLITION-WHIG TRAP, TO CATCH VOTERS IN.

People of Louisiana, above you have an accurate representation of the federal “*Log-Cabin*” Trap, invented by the *bank-parlor, ruffle-shirt, silk-stocking* GENTRY, for catching the votes of the industrious and laboring classes, of our citizens, of both town and country. The federal party has always looked upon the poor, laboring people as an ignorant class, destitute of reason and common sense. Hence they always, as in the present conteat for the presidency, appeal to their passions, with mockeries, humbugs, shows, and parades, with the view of blinding and leading them away from the true principles of the constitution of their country.

In the above cut, you have a typical illustration of the means they resort to, to get your votes. The “log cabin” is raised to blind you with the belief, that they are your friends; and they have invented what they say is a poor man's drink, called ‘*Hard Cider*,’ generally made of ‘*bald-face*’ whiskey and water, with a little *sour vinegar* added. They place this drink in a barrel, inside of the ‘cabin,’ for the purpose of enticing you in, thinking that if they can once get you to take a *suck*, you are safe. Do you not see the man above, creeping in? Just let him get a taste, and they come down at once upon him, hard and heavy, *swig after swig*, until they get him in a *ranting way*, shouting and bawling for *Tip. and Ty.* as though they had caught the devil himself.

These *vote traps* are generally *set* and *baited* in cities and towns, and are usually infested by a considerable swarm of *loafers*. Do you see that fellow up there now? How slily he creeps under, on *all fours*, with his lips poked out, to steal a suck. He is a loafer—not much to be made by him, if they catch him. And they think that the industrious, hard-working people of the country, have no better sense than to be caught just that way.

They have one of these traps setting here in New Orleans; just like the above, for all the world—only the *logs* are not so close. They have, however, made a bad business of it. No one has been caught but loafers, and they creep out between the logs, as fast as they catch them—unless it is occasionally a fellow who gets his belly popped out so full with ‘hard cider,’ that he has to remain awhile and go through the *roll and tumble* system, before he can squeeze through. We believe it is now nearly deserted. No one goes to *bait* it, and of course no one goes to *nibble* and *suck*. People of Louisiana, what think you of the invention? Are you willing to swallow the *bait*?

We have just understood that one at each of the towns of Monroe and Franklin, in this state, has been *set, triggered, and baited*; but we have not learned whether they have yet been able to catch many *suckers*.

Fepe A. Byman Mile, Washington D C.

25/16